

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"STRANGERS IN TOWN" THE SUBJECT OF SERMON.

"I Was a Stranger and Ye Took Me In"—Matt. xxv. 1-13—Dangers and Pitfalls Which Beset the Christian on His Visit to the Metropolis—An Instructive Talk.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 8.—Before no audience in the world could such a sermon as Rev. Dr. Talmage preached to-day be so appropriate as in the Brooklyn tabernacle, where it is estimated that 150,000 strangers attend every year. It was a sermon that had for them a special interest. The text selected was Matthew xxv. 1-13. "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

It is a moral disaster that jocosity has despoiled so many passages of scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotation. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the word of divine truth for a game at fencing, or chip off from the Kohinoor diamond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality, and kindness, and Christian helpfulness to strangers. By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are all the time in motion, and from one year's end to another, our cities are crowded with visitors. Every morning on the tracks of the Hudson river, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Long Island railroads there come passenger trains more than I can number; so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-clang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sight-seeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little impression upon them; but there are multitudes who, in the hotels and boarding houses, make temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four days, or as many weeks. They spend the days in the stores and the evenings in sight-seeing. Their temporary stay will make or break them, not only financially but morally, for this world and the world that is to come. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am conscious that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a winter midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and exclamations as would make the place unendurable.

There is a man, who, in infancy, lay in a cradle satin-lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up, a foundling, on Boston Common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious service, expecting no advantage and caring for no advantage for himself; while yonder is a man who has been for ten years in an awful conflagration of evil habits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed nature, and he is wondering if there shall be in this service any escape or help for his immortal soul. Meeting you only once, perhaps, face to face, I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition, and your eternal well-being. St. Paul's ship at Melita went to pieces where two seas meet; but we stand to-day at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country, for beauty and elegance, are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land; but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror can not give to the guest any costly apartment unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room without any pictures, and perhaps any rocking chair! He will find a box of matches on a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At 7 o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he will look over his memorandum-book of the day's work; he will write a letter to his home, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say, "I must join that procession," and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago, there were two young men who came down the Astor house steps and started out in a wrong direction, where they have been going ever since.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the Academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestra baton, all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue, and study with you Kensett, and Bierstadt, and Church, and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going? "Well," you say

"I am going up to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a palace for its Young Men's Christian Association as New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at eight o'clock at night is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theater and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward, and beating against the marble of the curbstone, and eddying down into the saloons. What is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul. Who is that Christian man going along with a vial of anodyne to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of belladonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between seven and twelve o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central Park, is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

I meet another coming down off the hotel steps, and I say: "Where are you going?" You say: "I am going with a merchant of New York who has promised to show me the underground life of the city. I am his customer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundreds and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the counter, where money is kept, and the clerk goes and gets it when he wants to take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place. Shall I mention the names of some of these great commercial establishments? I have them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men who, in that process, have been destroyed themselves while they have been destroying others. I care not how high-sounding the name of a commercial establishment is, if it proposes to get customers or to keep them by such a process as that; drop their acquaintance. They will cheat you before you get through. They will send you a style of goods different from that which you bought by sample. They will give you underweight. There will be in the package half-a-dozen less pairs of suspenders than you paid for. They will rob you. Oh, you feel in your pockets and say: "Is my money gone?" They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation. When one of these western merchants has been dragged by one of those commercial agents through the slums of the city, he is not fit to go home. The mere memory of what he has seen will be a moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a smallpox hospital for the purpose of exploration. You do not go there, because you are afraid of contagion. And yet you go into the presence of a moral leprosy that is as much more dangerous to you, as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body. I will undertake to say that nine-tenths of the men who have been ruined in our cities have been ruined by simply going to observe without any idea of participating. The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth which blasts the eye that looks at it. In the Reign of Terror, in 1793, in Paris, people, escaping from the officers of the law, got into the sewers of the city, and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrinth, stifled with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to tell you that a great many of the men that go on the work of exploration through the underground gutters of New York live never come out at any Seine river where they can wash off the pollution of the moral sewage. Stranger, if one of the representatives of a commercial establishment proposes to take you and show you the "sights" of the town and underground New York, say to him: "Please, sir, what part do you propose to show me?"

About sixteen years ago as a minister of religion I felt I had a divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or my presbytery, or of the newspapers, but asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church, I unrolled my commission and it said: "Son of man, dig into the wall; and when I had digged into the wall, behold a door; and he said, go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here; and I went in, and saw, and behold!" Brought up in the country, and surrounded by much parental care, I had not until that time seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed my "wild oats." I had somehow

been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said: "I will explore." I saw thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumble, and roar, and crack, and thunder of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where ruined souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, "I will explore." I went as a physician goes into a fever lazzaretto, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture, he takes the students into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw, and came forth to my pulpit to report a plague, and to tell how sin dissects the body, and dissects the mind, and dissects the soul. "Oh!" say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of such exploration of the iniquities of the city other persons might make exploration, and do themselves damage?" I reply: "If in company with the commissioner of police, and the captain of police, and the inspector of police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go! But, if not, then stay away." Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him: "Sir, what are you doing here? Be off!" "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up and said: "God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here." Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration, and on to that battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go; if not, stay away. But you say, "Don't you think that somehow the description of those places induces people to go and see for themselves?" I answer, yes, just as much as the description of yellow fever in some scourged city would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. But I may be addressing some stranger already destroyed. Where is he that I may point out a Saviour's mercy. I do not give you a cup, or a chance, or a pitcher with a limited supply to effect your abolutions. I point you to the five oceans of God's mercy. Oh! that the Atlantic and Pacific surges of divine forgiveness might roll over your soul. As the glorious sun of God's forgiveness rides on toward the mid heavens, ready to submerge you in warmth and light and love, I bid you good morning! Morning of peace for all your troubles. Morning of liberation for all your incarcerations. Morning of resurrection for your soul buried in sin. Good morning! Morning for the resuscitated household that has been waiting for your return. Morning for the orphan and the crib already disgraced with being that of a drunkard's child. Morning for the daughter that has trudged off to hard work because you did not take care of home. Morning for the wife who at 40 or 50 years has the wrinkled face, and the stooped shoulder, and the white hair. Morning for one. Morning for all. Good morning! In God's name, good morning!

In our last dreadful war the Federals and Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one morning the brass band of the northern troops played the national air, and all the northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappahannock the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie," and then all the southern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals all together united, and the tears rolled down their cheeks, in one great huzzal huzzal! Well, my friends, heaven comes very near to-day. It is only a stream that divides us—the narrow stream of death—and the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle, and we join trumpets, and hosannas, and hallelujahs, and the chorus of the united song of earth and heaven is, "Home, Sweet Home." Home of bright domestic circle on earth. Home of forgiveness in the great heart of God. Home of eternal rest in heaven. Home! Home! Home!

GREAT sins are not so sudden as they seem. Familiarity with evil thought ripens us for evil action; and a moment of passions, an hour's loss of self-control, a tempting occasion may hurry us into irremediable evil.—Dods.

A HANDSOME cover for a piano may be made by using a square of plain satin, with border 12 or 15 inches of gold or silver wrought satin. A center of pale gray, with a border of still paler gray, or plain yellow center, with gold wrought border, is very effective.

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A GRAND DISCOVERY.

Late News From Europe Upon a Subject of Wide-Spread Interest.

LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

A Declaration Made by the Great Doctor Fothergill for the Benefit of the People of the World Has Aroused Much Attention.

LONDON, Eng., March 31.—The following statement made by the late Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, the eminent scientist, who was physician for the London Hospital, for diseases of the chest, has made quite a sensation. After denouncing oils and similar substances when used as food, he said: "Fatty, oily foods cannot be taken by those whose stomachs are weak or whose digestive organs are out of order. What food should such people have? I say they need food which acts as a strengthener and sustainer, as fuel to feed the lamp of life, and that is starch food which will be readily assimilated by



the digestive organs is the food for people whose digestive organs are weak."

It was only natural that such a statement coming from so high an authority should have made a profound impression among the leading physicians and scientists of Europe, and it brings into special prominence the recent discovery of pre-digested starch food known to doctors, to scientists and the world as Paskola. Comparatively few people outside the highest medical circles know of this wonderful discovery, but it is known to possess the qualities of flesh-forming, strength-inspiring, life-giving power which has never been known before in the history of the world.

Tests which have been made showing a weak, pale, run-down condition, accompanied with indigestion and general loss of energy, have shown most remarkable results, and it is not improbable that the discovery of Paskola will be accepted as the flesh-forming food of the nineteenth century by the highest authorities in both Europe and America. Certainly, it is superseding cod liver oils, beef tea, and the fatty preparations which have been used so extensively in the past, and the results so far achieved amply warrant the wisdom of those who have taken such action.

A pamphlet giving full particulars respecting Paskola will be sent on application to the Pre-Digested Food Co., 30 Reade St., N. Y. City.

NORTH TOPEKA.

Items of Interest from the North Side of the River.

Ray Parmeter has gone to Hoyt for a few days.

The meeting of W. T. K. club has been postponed till the 17th inst.

Mrs. Dr. H. C. Miner is visiting a daughter in Los Angeles, Cal.

W. W. McNulty of Sedalia, Mo., was the guest of J. P. Wilson over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Eckert came up from Kansas City and spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Florence Kimball is recovering slowly but surely from the results of her recent accident.

Rev. W. J. Byers departed today for a visit to his old home in Pennsylvania. He will be absent about two weeks.

Arthur Kane and Ed Kennedy have gone to Meriden to spend a few days shooting jack-snipe in that vicinity.

W. W. Crittenden has returned from his eastern trip, and reports the feeling in business circles much improved. Better times are looked for.

A large delegation of north side ladies will attend the missionary meeting at the Third Presbyterian church Wednesday, to hear Mrs. Drysdale.

Examine stock and prices of buggies, surreys and harness at Lukens Bros.

Where can I get a Stutz & Walker center spring buggy that is hung low, rides easy and wears like iron? Lukens Bros., Opera House building.

The crowd goes to 905 Kansas avenue North Topeka, for the best work and lowest prices in photographs. Call and see samples.

Tennis and Croquet.

We are handling E. I. Horseman's celebrated tennis, the finest on the market. We sell at hard times prices.

WASSON & CROMWELL.

Now at half price. Cabinet bust photos, medallion \$1, ordinary, \$1.50, extra-ordinary \$2, and handsome scroll \$2.50 per dozen. Geo. Aldridge, 1015 North Kansas avenue.

Fine dinner and tea sets sold on the installment plan at W. H. Wood's, 895 Kansas ave.

J. H. Fouché will sell you a full leather top buggy with a \$10 harness for \$75 spot cash.

Take your prescriptions to A. J. Arnold & Son, 821 Kansas ave. Established 1870.

Leave orders for bakery goods at St. Louis bakery, 1008 Kansas avenue.

A complete line of homeopathic remedies at A. J. Arnold's & Son.

Go to Henry's for all kinds of pump repairs, 839 Kansas avenue.

Bottom prices on pumps at Henry's, 839 Kansas avenue.

J. F. McCowan made his regular Sunday pilgrimage to Meriden and this morning was mourning the fact that he neglected to take an umbrella.

Dr. Miner has been toying with the bicycle but he does not do it any more. He walks now and says it is much better exercise than riding a wheel.

Mrs. L. M. Hall and Mrs. A. N. Coleman, are delegates from the Second

church to the women's missionary meeting in the Third Presbyterian church Wednesday.

The teachers' meeting at the Second Presbyterian church tomorrow evening, has been postponed one week on account of the opening meeting of the Presbytery in the Third church at same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Drysdale, while attending the Salvation Army council were entertained in North Topeka at the home of some good Baptist sister. Mrs. Drysdale was an American missionary in India for years.

The life of the deputy street commissioner on this side is not likely to be a happy one. No sooner does he get the avenue cleaned than it rains and a wall goes up about the numerous sidewalks that were under water.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUXAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Half Rates to Texas.

Tuesday, April 10th, the great Rock Island route will sell first-class round trip tickets to all Texas points at one fare for the round trip.

Tickets good for thirty days, also good to stop over in certain sections.

Why wear out with coughing, at night, when Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve and cure.

H. M. HALE.

E. H. EVANS.

INTRODUCTORY SALE

Which Will Continue Till Closing Time

Saturday, 14th inst.

Read Carefully the Following Price List:

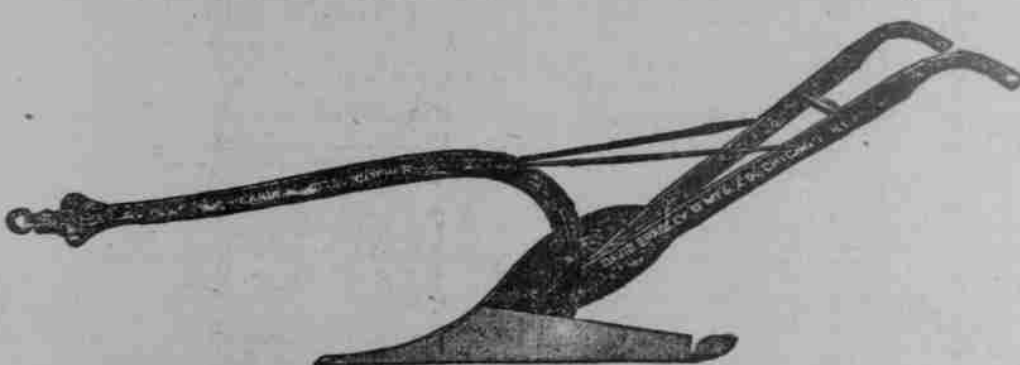
Best Table Oil Cloths.....	\$ 19
5000 yards Full Standard Fancy Prints.....	4 1/2
American Shirting Prints.....	04
American Indigo Prints.....	4 1/2
The Best L. L. Muslin.....	4 1/2
Pepperell Fine Brown Muslin.....	06
Fine Soft Finish Bleached Muslin.....	5 1/2
9-4 Pepperell Brown Shirting.....	17
Arlington Cheviott.....	4 1/2
West Brook Dress Gingham.....	07
Amoskeag Staple Check Gingham.....	05
N-Stevens Brown Crash, 19 in.....	8 1/2
P-Stevens Brown Crash, 17 in.....	7 1/2
Kingston T. R. Damask.....	20
G. and W. T. R. Damask, 60 in.....	32 1/2
Lewiston T. R. Damask, 63 in.....	39
German Silk Finish Henrietta, 44 in.....	68
Half Wool Henrietta, 33 in.....	21
Flat Cambrics, 64x64.....	4 1/2
Richardson & Beldings, 100 yd. Spool Silk.....	07
All colors in a good Moire Ribbon—Nos. 5 at 5c, 7 at 6c, 9 at 7c, 12 at 8c.	
Immense Corset at 34c, worth.....	50
R. V. Corset at 40c, worth.....	65
O. K. Corset at 50c, worth.....	75
Fast Black Corset at 38c, worth.....	75
No. 201—Kabo High Bust, at \$1.00, worth.....	1 50
No. 103—Kabo Corset, at 75c, worth.....	1 00
Hau-Ton Corset Waist, at 75c, worth.....	1 00
See our Ladies' Vests at 5c and 7c.	
Jean Pants at 95c, worth.....	1 25
Cottonade Pants at 95c, worth.....	1 25
Full Shaped Cheviott Shirts at 48c, worth.....	75
Full Shaped Domet Shirts at 48c, worth.....	75
No. 550—Rockford Socks at 7 1/2c, worth.....	10
8 oz. Blue Overalls at 48c, worth.....	65
Good Suspender at 10c, worth.....	25
Neptune Waterproof Collars at 10c, worth.....	20
"Job Lot" Linen Collars at 5c, worth.....	20
Ladies' Black Hose at 10c, worth.....	15

Remember this sale continues five days only.

HALE & EVANS.

827 North Kansas Avenue.

GRIGGS & AXTELL,



Hardware, Implements, Stoves and Tinware,
308 WEST SIXTH AVENUE



J. M. KNIGHT,
ANTI-COMBINE
UNDERTAKER,
404-406 Kas. Ave.,
And 843 Kas. Ave., North Topeka.

1st Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Queens-
ware on Easy Payments. Phone 52.

G. H. HUGHES,
810 1/2 N. Kas. Ave.
Banjo Specialist.
Instruction. Banjos, music and strings for sale.

No. 835 KANSAS AVE.
Now is the time, and W. H. WOOD'S
Hardware Store is the place to buy your

POULTRY NETTING.



You can save money by buying of C. W. WILKINS. 10 to 15 per cent saved on cloth goods. 1006 Kansas Ave., N. Topeka.

FRENCH TISSUE PAPER!

THE LARGEST LINE IN THE CITY.

ALL CHINA AND ART MATERIAL.

COMPLETE NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Washburn, Druggist,
833 KANSAS AVE.

It cures blood and skin disorders. It does this quickly and permanently. Is there any good reason why you should not use De Witt's Sarsaparilla? It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, a d. w. please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.